

moulded by their five Southern brethren; and Mr. McLean was the last man in Ohio who struggled to hold slaves there; that in his whole judicial course he has never been betrayed into one emotion of mercy or one utterance for freedom; and we rejoice that his constant, and, of late, increased servility to the Slave Power, has never deceived either the North or the South.

Another Slave Hunt in Michigan.

We clip the following from the Southern Press, which will be perused with interest by our readers. The writer complains of Northern officers for not dashling off in pursuit of the game after night, and pouring upon it at his command, as if they were Southern bloodhounds. But he may thank those gentlemen for not accompanying him to the abode of those fugitives that night, for we know that they were well prepared to defend their castle, and he would have been the first man that they would have given a warm salute with powder and balls, even at the expense of their own lives.—*Penit. Freeman.*

NASHVILLE, Dec. 14, 1850.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Several years ago it was the bad luck of my father, John P. Chester, to lose some negroes by their flight to the free States; by the merest accident he ascertained then that they were in Washington, near Raisin Post Office. Some years ago, he, in connection with myself and another man, attempted an arrest by force, but being overpowered and outdone, the slaves were re-captured and again set at liberty. A short time afterwards, I received a letter from one Mrs. Howland, an ardent abolitionist of the Abby Folson school, which contained the following extract:

RAISIN, Dec. 21, 1846.

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 3d inst. I received yesterday, in company with one from Ross Wilkins, United States Judge, who resides in Detroit, both on the same subject, but of entirely different import.

So you see that this pink of kindness, this gem of humanity, and this theoretical and practical Abolitionist and amalgamator, was in the habit of receiving letters of the creed and tenor from Ross Wilkins, United States Judge.

A few days after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, I started in pursuit of the same slaves; by great exertion and expense, I found them in Washtenaw county, Michigan, ten miles from Ypsilanti, and forty miles west of Detroit. I saw them, and a friend who was with me saw them, and fifty other circumstances corroborated the fact that they were there. I hastened to Detroit to get my warrant—applied to our Mr. Watson, a commissioner; he declined issuing the writ on account of private engagement in an adjoining county or town, stating to me that if he issued it, he would lose thereby pecuniarily, and in character; or in other words, that he lived in a free State—that public sentiment was against the law—that it would injure him. He is a lawyer. He, with a gentleman by the name of George C. Bates, United States District Attorney, advised me to apply to the United States Judge; and, in fact, they urged it in such a way that I saw no other course. I finally resolved to do so.

I went to a lawyer by the name of Douglass, to employ him to assist me in making out the case. That gentleman had, as he informed me, political aspirations, and any connection with it would injure him. I asked others, and all were afraid of public sentiment, and declined. I then had to rely upon my own capacity, and execute an affidavit myself. I did so; presented it, as I was urged, to the United States Judge. After considerable parley he issued my writ in the presence of the clerk and deputy marshal. I handed it instantly to that worthy, who peremptorily declined serving it. His honor told him to hunt up the principal marshal. I did so—demanded immediate service. He declined it—said night exposure would kill him—had no posse—dangerous without one—that the free negroes and fugitive slaves would kill us—advised me to go to Ypsilanti by the morning train, and he and his posse would come by the evening one. I did as was advised—got to my destination by nine o'clock, a. m. At two, a. m., a telegraph despatch came to abolitionists and negroes that I was at Ypsilanti after a number of negroes. They, being well organized, sent runners in every direction: run the slaves to Canada, by the way of Gibraltar, before the marshal could get there by the cars, or any other conveyance; he having to leave Detroit at seven o'clock, p. m.

Thus you will see the fallibility of the miscalculated compromise; the humbuggery of the Fugitive Slave Bill; the duplicity of the North; the rascality of the official whose duty it is to execute, in good faith, this law.

The man, or rather the villain, from whom I got my warrant, was Ross Wilkins, United States Judge, who corresponded with this practical amalgamator Mrs. Howland, she being the instrument who prevented us in 1846 from capturing them, and who harbored them for years before that time, and within a short time of this. No man knew where they were save Ross Wilkins and the marshal, nor did any know my name except them, for I was known by an assumed one.

As a Southern man I know my duty. I know the feelings of the people of the North; I know that they will not execute this law if it be possible to avoid it. No reliance should be put in their protestations; no faith must be had in their declarations. They would poison rather than assist you; assassinate you rather than see you succeed. Of the thousands of negroes who are fugitives only four have been arrested. Hundreds are in search of their property and one out of the whole number may succeed.

In conclusion, I would advise those who have property there to capture it by force, rather than expose themselves to the treachery of their officers or people. Most respectfully, THOS. R. CHESTER.

JONESBOROUGH, East Tennessee.

"HIGHER LAW" AT THE SOUTH.—It appears by letters from New Orleans, from both private and public sources, that the four jurymen who stood out against the conviction of Gen. Henderson of the fact of purchasing the Creole and taking part in the Expedition against Cuba, did so under the impulse of "higher law" convictions. It will be remembered that the purchase of the Creole, the payment of \$10,000 in cash, and the balance in his own notes, was distinctly and undeniably proved against Gen. Henderson. The jurors had sworn to find a verdict according to the facts. Eight of them

saw no escape from a verdict of conviction—the other four refused to agree. These four gentlemen now say that they had no doubt of the participation of the accused, but they would not convict him, because they approved of the object of the Expedition—a subject matter upon which they were not of course called upon to give any opinion. This is rather "Higher Law" than Gov. Seward was accused of inculcating.—*Wash. Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

WHEN GO. LINCOLN COMMANDS TO TAKE THE TRUMPET AND BLOW A DOLOROUS OR A JARRING BLAST, IT LIES NOT IN MAN'S WILL WHAT HE SHALL SAY OR WHAT HE SHALL CONCEAL.—*Milton.*

SALEM, OHIO, FEBRUARY 22, 1851.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE meets March 2d.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—We hope the members of the Executive Committee will all endeavor to be present at the next meeting. Matters involving the efficiency of the Society will demand attention.

Sunday Meetings.

BENJAMIN S. JONES will deliver the next of the series of Sunday Discourses on Sunday next at the Town Hall, at 3 o'clock, P. M.—Those who stay away will deprive themselves of a rich intellectual and moral treat.—The Discourse on Sunday, March 2d will be given by JACOB HEATON.

Mr. Dickson, owing to the almost impassable state of the roads, did not arrive from Hanover in season to address the meeting last Sunday afternoon. A large audience assembled, and after waiting nearly an hour, listened to a discourse by the writer hereof. Near the close of the meeting, Mr. Dickson arrived, and an arrangement was at once made for him to preach in the evening, which he did to a large and very attentive assembly. His discourse was thoroughly Orthodox, but contained much that was edifying to all who heard him. He is a frank, open-hearted Irishman, well educated, and a very impressive speaker. He is not connected at present with any denomination in this country, and we hope will entangle himself with any pro-slavery alliance. His affinities, we should say, would naturally carry him into the Free Presbyterian Church, whose position in regard to slavery is objectionable only because it does not wholly repudiate the U. S. Constitution.

We believe the Presbyterians of this region must acknowledge their indebtedness to the Reformers for the ablest Presbyterian Sermon they have heard for many a long day.

Warning to Fugitives.

Henry Bibb pleads eloquently with his fugitive brethren who yet remain in the States to come at once to Canada, where alone they can be safe from the clutches of the kidnapper.—He thinks they hazard too much by staying where the law affords them no protection, but offers every facility for their capture. We are quite willing to leave this question to be decided by our fugitive friends themselves without our advice; but we believe there are places in the Free States where public opinion has made the kidnapping law a dead letter, and where the danger of their being carried off is small indeed. We would have them fully apprised of all the facts in the case, and then leave them to follow their own judgment or instinct. Our friend Bibb eloquently says: "There is no spot in the United States upon which the trembling fugitive from stripes and imprisonment can stand and not be liable to be seized by the strong arm of the American Government and hurried back to his bonds. Yes, you may go and stand on the top of Plymouth Rock, or scout around the plains of Lexington and Concord, beneath which lie sleeping the bones of our revolutionary fathers; or hide beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill monument (which was consecrated to Liberty!) as did William and Ellen Craft, who were compelled to flee from Boston to England for liberty; yet you will be no more safe than they were, no less liable to fall a prey to your pursuers."

MOUNT UNION.—On our way home from Canton last week we were detained one whole day and two nights in this unpretending place. We found there three essential constituents of a pleasant village. The first was a well-ordered hotel, kept by Mr. Nixon, where the traveler is never tempted to put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains, but where every legitimate want is courteously and promptly supplied. The next was an equally well-ordered store, kept by J. M. PETTIT, for whose kind hospitalities we owe our hearty acknowledgements. But the institution that pleased us most was the High School, kept by Mr. HARTSHORN, of which the people of that place are all justly proud. We learned with great satisfaction that the School was in a very flourishing state, so much so that its friends felt the necessity of a more commodious building for its accommodation, and were resolved upon the erection of one at an early day. At the earnest solicitation of Mr. Hartshorn and several other citizens, we consented to make an off-hand address on the subject of Education on Tuesday evening. It was the first time in our whole life that we had attempted to speak on that subject. The audience, gathered on short notice, was not large; but our crude remarks were received with a friendly cordiality which evinced a warm interest in the subject.

GOOD PLUCK.—Adam Crooks, a Wesleyan preacher in Montgomery Co., N. C., was in December last ordered by a large meeting of slaveholders and their tools to leave the State. He boldly refused to comply with their impudent and unlawful demand, and, planting himself upon his rights as a man and a minister, told them he hated slavery and would remain in the State as long as he pleased. These facts are stated by Mr. Crooks in a letter to The True Wesleyan.

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A Touch of South Carolina Chivalry.

DR. L. B. COLES, of Boston, a lecturer on Practical Physiology, gives in a letter to the National Era a narrative of the treatment he received at the hands of the chivalry of Columbia, the capital of the kingdom of South Carolina. It seems that Dr. Coles went to Columbia, as he had previously gone to nearly all the principal towns in thirty States of the Union, for the purpose of giving lectures on Physiology and selling a printed work on that subject of which he is the author. He is a regular physician and clergyman, and has been in the habit of discoursing from the pulpit on the Divinity of Physiological Law and the bearing of wrong physiological habits upon moral and religious character. He had spent a day in Columbia, called at the bookstores and sold a few copies of the "Philosophy of Health," and was about to depart for Charleston, when a constable met him as he rose from breakfast and summoned him to appear before the city authorities upon the nominal charge of selling books contrary to the corporation laws, but really to show cause why he should not be punished as an incendiary. He had uttered no sentiment on the subject of slavery, and committed no act that could possibly be tortured into an offence against the laws. He was guilty of being a citizen of Massachusetts, a State whose "prejudices" against kidnapping are understood to be somewhat obstinate, and that was enough to awaken the vigilance of the Argus-eyed patriots of Columbia. He was thrust into prison, at 5 o'clock, A. M., and safely locked up in a dark and cold cell provided for horse-thieves and murderers, where he remained six hours before he was brought to trial. He explained his business in the politest way, but the magistrate sent the town marshal and a constable to the hotel to examine his baggage. The marshal took the baggage to his own office and searched it at his leisure. Everything he had was ransacked with the most rigid and insulting scrutiny. All his private family letters from his wife and daughters were opened and read, and the reading accompanied by jeers and insults. Finding no proof of incendiary efforts or plans, the magistrate paid him \$1,80 and discharged him. But even after this the town marshal made a further examination of his baggage, offering him the grossest insults.

Is it not glorious to belong to a Union which gives you the unspeakable privilege of helping the South to catch her runaway slaves at your own home, and when you travel among the masters for pleasure or business, allows you to be locked up in a prison and your trunks, clothing, pocket-book and letters to be overhauled at the pleasure of any scoundrel who may doubt your reverence for the system of Slavery, or suspect you of the crime of loving Liberty too sincerely? Who can wonder that a confederacy which secures such blessings is the idol of a few people?

Gov. Wood and the People of Color.

We ask the reader to turn to the First Page and read the report of the interview of a Committee of Colored People with Gov. Wood.—Mr. Day's Address to the Governor was creditable alike to his intelligence and his talents. Few white young men could have spoken more pertinently or forcibly. But mark the shuffling, evasive, cowardly answer of the Governor.—See how he conceals the deadliest hostility to Equal Suffrage under the mask of neutrality. He has been so absorbed, soothed, by professional and judicial duties, that he has not yet made up his mind on the question whether the Blacks ought to be allowed the rights of men and citizens in a government professedly Democratic! And he a Democrat!

"O fie, for shame! His lips contaminate the name!"

He could not answer the arguments of the Committee without stultifying himself, and he had not the courage to avow in their presence the mean and malignant prejudice against color which festered in his heart, and which has so long tainted the party of which he is the chosen head. What small men do contrive to work their way into official stations!

WOMEN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.—The Committee appointed for that purpose by the Women's Convention held in Salem last year have fixed upon the 28th of May for holding another Convention. The place of meeting is not yet agreed upon, but it ought to be and the Call issued immediately. It is proposed, we understand, to open the Convention this year to men as well as women, but we presume the latter will be permitted to have things pretty much their own way without interference from the other sex. There is some talk, we believe, of holding the Convention at Akron, and if friends there are agreed, we should think the place as suitable as any that has been mentioned.

WRITING SCHOOL.—Mr. Lusk closed his second term on Tuesday evening. We stepped in on Monday evening, and examined a large number of specimens which certainly showed that his pupils generally had made very decided improvement under his instruction, while some had carried the chirographic art almost to perfection. We learn with pleasure that he will remain long enough to teach another class, which will be limited to thirty scholars, thereby enabling him to give the requisite attention to each individual. Mr. Lusk unites the grace and refinement of the gentleman to the qualifications of the teacher, and we heartily rejoice in his success.

J. B. GORCH, the eloquent Temperance lecturer, has awakened a deep interest in the cause by his lectures in Pittsburgh. His meetings have been thronged evening after evening, and great multitudes have taken the pledge.

MRS. GAGE, the "Aunt Fanny" of the Pittsburgh Visiter, who has been dangerously ill in Columbus, is convalescent. This is good news.

Salem Quarterly Meeting of Friends.

DEAR OLIVER.—The interests of truth appear to me to require some account of the scenes which occurred at the Salem Quarterly Meeting of Friends, held in Columbiana 2d mo. 4th 1851. Under ordinary circumstances I should not feel inclined to make the proceedings of our Society the subject of newspaper comment, but the extraordinary efforts now making to suppress the spirit of reform and progress, or, failing in that, to distract and divide the body, certainly deserve public notice; and while all manner of reports are in circulation, some true and others false, it would seem no more than justice to the friends of reform generally that they should be furnished with a correct account of actual occurrences. Such an account I shall endeavor to give. If, owing to prejudice or party feeling, I should misrepresent any thing, the columns will be open to a reply. For my part I think it far more honorable to tell our story of these occurrences in The Bugle, where, if incorrect, it can be refuted, than to spread it through more private channels, where no refutation or correction can ever come.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, from the Green Plain Yearly Meeting, was present on the occasion referred to. In the early part of the meeting he commenced speaking of the religious nature of man, assuming that the pure religious sentiment is made up of the Godlike elements of Justice, Mercy and Truth, while sectism, with its creeds & rituals, is but a base counterfeit of the Divine reality. Cassandra Nichols, a minister opposed to the reforms of the age, arose and made open and rather fierce opposition. Joseph paused until she sat down, and then proceeded without the least allusion to any thing she had said. He was illustrating the Divinity of the Love principle and the utter powerlessness of Force, when William Nichols, another minister, under a good deal of excitement, commanded him to be silent, and declared he was not a member of the Society of Friends. (This was passing strange, seeing that Ohio Y. M., after three days discussion, decided upon the reading of the Epistle from Green Plain Y. M., and its members present remained without farther molestation.) William Nichols continued to speak, and was requested to desist by some of the members. Joseph remained standing, William finally sat down, but soon rose again and (according to a suggestion made by Benj. Hanna,) proposed closing the shutters, and, suiting the action to the word, he brought them together with considerable violence. Others, on the floor, proceeded to carry out his proposition, although several friends remonstrated against it. Joseph remained standing during this tumultuous scene, but took not the slightest part in it. Quiet being again restored, he resumed his discourse, its thread being entirely unbroken. Robert Battin, a very officious member from the Western Quarter, and one who has been very active in producing division, now came to the help of the disorderly; but he was promptly desisted by several members of Salem Q. M., to take his seat, and he did so without finishing what he had intended to say. Joseph again proceeded with his discourse, making himself audible on both sides of the partition. He was not interrupted farther, but calmly and firmly proceeded, presenting his views on War, Slavery, Intemperance, &c., but especially on the subject of religious associations, and the great essential doctrine of Divine Revelation, as the basis and source of the practical testimonies of the gospel.

The Clerk being absent, Samuel Nichols was selected to fill his place. The opponents of Reform utterly refused to proceed to business until the meeting should be select; by which they meant the exclusion of Joseph Dugdale and Isaac Tresscott. One of their number alluded to the latter as having brought a certificate to Salem M. M. of Orthodox Friends, but not being satisfied with them on account of their doctrines, as having concluded to cast in his lot with our part of Society. Isaac replied to this briefly, explaining his true position. The Clerk being absent, Samuel Nichols was selected to fill his place. The opponents of Reform utterly refused to proceed to business until the meeting should be select; by which they meant the exclusion of Joseph Dugdale and Isaac Tresscott. One of their number alluded to the latter as having brought a certificate to Salem M. M. of Orthodox Friends, but not being satisfied with them on account of their doctrines, as having concluded to cast in his lot with our part of Society. Isaac replied to this briefly, explaining his true position.

The Clerk for the day announced his judgment that the time had come for a division of the Society, and said he had made a minute for those who could unite with his proposition, viz: that they should take upon themselves the responsibility of meeting in the Fifth month at Columbiana, instead of Beaver Falls, the place appointed by the Yearly Meeting. He then read the following minute, and proposed that those who united with it should withdraw from the meeting.

In view of the painful state of affairs that now appears to exist in this meeting, it is the judgment of those who feel themselves called upon to observe and carry out what they believe to be the order of Society, and wish to preserve a unity with Ohio Y. M.—we therefore adjourn to meet at Columbiana at the usual time in the Fifth mo. next, if so permitted.

The Reformers agreed to let them depart, provided they would erase the words "preserve a unity with Ohio Y. M." and substitute for them the words, "that part of Ohio Y. M., which directed Salem Monthly Meeting to expunge its minutes in the case of Oliver Johnson." This the Clerk refused to do, but agreed to erase the place of meeting, intimating that they would not be present at Beaver Falls, but meet in some place they might agree upon among themselves. Samuel Nichols then proceeded to sign the minute he had made.

J. A. Dugdale did not interfere in any manner until the Clerk had framed his minute. He then remarked, as near as I can recollect, that neither in his acquaintance with Orthodoxy in '77-'8 nor yet in its later manifestations, had he ever witnessed such a display of magnanimity on the part of a Clerk who identified himself with the opponents of Reform as had been exhibited on this occasion, and he should take pleasure in referring to it in other places.

Cassandra Nichols and another woman

came into the men's apartment to inquire for business, and while standing there she took occasion to say to the brethren that they ought to have called in the officers of the law and preserved

the meeting in quiet. Samuel Myers, a minister among us, queried, "And the sword too?"

William Nichols, in urging Isaac Tresscott to withdraw, remarked that Friends in Ohio Y. M. were left without their records in the division of '28, and an order was made for all to enter their names in the new books. Those who did not comply with this arrangement were not members. As regards myself, said he, I belong to a meeting that kept all the records, and therefore there was no necessity for me to enter my name. J. A. Dugdale, in a pleasant manner, remarked that he was similarly situated with his aged friend Wm. Nichols.

Green Plain M. M. retained its records in '28, and so in the late separation, were those opposed to the anti-slavery movement had gone off and set up another meeting. Now, said he, those persons have no way to demonstrate that they ever belonged to the Society of Friends, except by our records. Thereupon William Nichols, under very great excitement, exclaimed, "We have never had a case before that could not be managed. I never saw such a man—he is calculated to deceive the very elect. I do believe his spirit is from the *infernal regions*."

David Sheldred calmly, but with impressive dignity, said: "I knew not that J. A. D. was expected to be present in this meeting. I am glad he has been here, and if the spirit he has exhibited is from the *infernal regions*, I think there has been a great reformation in hell."

Before the meeting closed it was evident that Joseph A. Dugdale, by his gentleness and forbearance, had exerted an influence even on some of his opposers. These, and the Clerk among them, after the adjournment, were seen to take him by the hand and express their respect for him. One of them remarked, "I am sorry indeed that this is identified with these abolitionists."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Constitutional Convention.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE for March is well named by the publisher "a surprise number." It is without pictures, if we except a few woodcut illustrations; but we have instead of the customary ornaments 144 pages of literary matter from American writers, costing no less than \$1,500. There are no less than fifty different original papers in the number, from writers of high celebrity, embracing a great variety of subjects of popular interest. We learn with pleasure that Mr. Graham, since resuming the publication of this magazine, has been very successful in increasing its circulation. His industry, tact and perseverance deserve such a reward.—Philadelphia: G. R. Graham.

AMERICAN PHENOMENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—The February number presents a beautiful appearance externally and is filled with matter of abiding interest. The enlargement and change of form of this work must be highly satisfactory to its patrons. It is indeed excellent in all its departments, Phenomenological, Physiological, Agricultural, Mechanical, and Educational. Its engravings appear to us superior to those of any other American periodical.—New York: Fowlers & Wells.

THE PRISONERS' FRIEND for February presents its usual variety.—Boston: Charles Spear.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE for March contains two pretty engravings ("Time clipping the wings of Love," and "Love's light Summer Cloud") besides a variety of illustrations on wood, and literary contributions from a great number of pens. It contains sixteen pages extra. Dr. Todd's "Scenes in the Life of the Savior" are continued, and among other contributors we notice Mrs. Kirkland, D. H. Borlow, Edith May, E. H. Hewitt, Prof. Mapes, J. S. Dwight, Prof. Hart, E. W. Ellsworth and Rev. J. Abbott. Reynold Coates, M. D., Hon. J. R. Chandler, and George H. Boker are announced as the Committee of award for the ten prize articles announced in a previous number.—Philadelphia: John Sartain & Co.

WATER CURE JOURNAL.—We have used up all the superlatives at our command in speaking of former numbers of this work, and can only say of the present that it is worthy of its predecessors and itself. Is not that enough?—New York: Fowlers & Wells.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE, No. 352, opens with a review of the Life of Stein, the celebrated Prussian minister, copied from Tait's Magazine, which is followed by an attractive variety of selections from other sources, including several chapters of Bulwer's new novel from Blackwood.—Boston: E. Littell & Co.

HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE.—The February number contains an engraving of the magnificent building now in process of erection in Hyde Park, London, to contain the contributions of all nations for the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851. The Sketch of New England Character, by the author of Susy L.'s Diary, is continued, and there is beside a great variety of choice articles both in prose and verse. This Magazine steadily maintains its well-earned reputation as one of the very best periodicals in the country.—Fowler & Ditz, New York.

TEMPERANCE AMONG THE FUGITIVES.—The Voice of The Fugitive says that the cause of Temperance is in a flourishing state among the self-emancipated free men of Canada. In Sandwich more than two-thirds of the colored inhabitants are actively engaged in it; and the Voice says that if the runsmen had to depend on the colored class for support they would very soon be as poor as rats on a sand-bar.—These are the men whom Webster and Cass and their clerical confederates, Stuart, Alexander Campbell, Dr. Hawkes, Dr. Cox and others, would send back into slavery for the salvation of our glorious Union.

ILLINOIS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A new Society bearing this name was organized not long since at Granville, Ill. We record the fact with pleasure, more especially because it affords evidence that those Abolitionists who have for several years past been almost exclusively absorbed in political movements are beginning to see the necessity of organizations for moral agitation. The new Society takes the ground that the U. S. Constitution is anti-slavery. Wonder if its members will withhold their votes from those who differ from them on this point? Or will they, as a matter of expedient, remain in fellowship with Free-soilers?

THOMPSON AND GARRISON AT HOPEDALE.—George Thompson and W. L. Garrison spent Sunday, Feb. 9th, with their friends at the Hopedale Community, in Milford, Mass. The occasion was one of deep interest to the noble band of Reformers who constitute that truly Christian Fraternity. In the afternoon ANIN BALLOU made an appropriate and felicitous address to Mr. Thompson, to which the latter as appropriately responded. Songs of welcome to Mr. T., written by A. H. Price and E. D. Draper, were sung. Blessings on Hopedale!

THE ATLANTIC SAFE.—We announce with great pleasure that the American Ocean Steamer *Atlantic*, about whose fate there has been so much anxiety, has at last been heard from, and that all on board are safe. She broke both her shafts when nine days out, run westward under sail six days and a half, and then put about for Cork, where she arrived Jan. 22d. Her passengers for the U. States were to leave in the Cambria on the 4th inst.

CHARLES SUMNER is not yet elected to the U. S. Senate, and we now believe he has no prospect of obtaining a seat in that body. The Hunker Democrats conspire with Hunker Whigs to defeat him.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

The Cause in Western Pennsylvania.

On the 8th inst., the report of the Committee on the Elective Franchise was taken up. Mr. Humphreyville moved to strike out the word "white," so that the privilege of voting should not be made to depend upon the foolish, variable and uncertain criterion of color.

This motion was briefly discussed by Dr. Townsend, Reuben Hitchcock, Woodbury and others, and the vote when taken stood 12 to 6.

The names of those who voted in the affirmative were, Andrews, Cook, Farr, Gray, Humphreyville, Hunter, Otis, Perkins, Swift, Taylor, Townsend, and Woodbury; and Mr. Reuben Hitchcock, who was present when the discussion commenced, and spoke in favor of the motion, was obliged to retire immediately on account of his health, and was not present when the vote was taken.—If he had been present the affirmative vote would have been 13.

The correspondent of The True Democrat says:

I could mention the names of some very prominent members, whose locality is such that they ought by this time to have become imbued with principles of Human Rights, and who in fact have at different times made quite loud pretensions of that kind, but, who on this occasion had not the moral (or more properly the political) courage to vote at all on this question, but slipped outside of the bar when the vote was taken. I think at present however I will not mention any names.

Mr. Woodbury moved to strike out the word "male" so as to extend to females the privilege of voting and holding office, which after a short discussion, failed by 7 to 7.

Mr. Taylor then moved to add a section, authorizing the General Assembly at any time, when they see proper, to extend the Elective Franchise to other classes of inhabitants, not now entitled to it by this constitution, upon which the vote was 11 to 6.

So it seems that only seven members of the Convention had the courage to vote in favor of permitting women to exercise the right of suffrage—not so many as were in favor of granting the right to colored men.—Wait a little longer!

Ohio Legislature.

On the 7th inst. an effort was made in the House to revive the Black Laws—the motion being made by Mr. Gilcrest, of Knox Co., (Dem.) Mr. Kent of Geauga thought no man could be so degraded as to make such a motion. Gilcrest, in his reply, said:

The gentleman from Geauga, (Mr. Kent) is sorry any person is so degraded as to vote for this bill. Mr. Speaker, I am proud to think that my ideas of degradation differ so widely from the gentleman's. I have no doubt that gentleman would not think it a degradation to take to his bosom a negro with all the *seed* of Africa around him; and in his fanaticism think it a sweet smelling savor; yes, Mr. Speaker, he would rejoice to have one of these beautiful specimens of the Almighty's displeasure, united in the bonds of wedlock with his daughter or his sister, that they might be more nearly allied to him, by the amalgamation of the African with what seems from the color of the gentleman, but from nothing else, the Anglo Saxon race."

A fine legislator is Mr. Gilcrest. Mr. Kent moved the indefinite postponement of the question, which was carried, 47 to 15. Of the 47 years 30 were Whigs, 11 Democrats, and 6 Free-soilers. The *Nays* (in favor of the Black Laws) were all Democrats. They were Messrs. Baker, Bennett, Bishop, Blackburn, Bushnell, Carr, Davidson, Decker, Gilcrest, Hill, James, McKee, Ward, Wilson of Wayne, and Yates.

Five Whigs and five Democrats were absent.

On the 10th, in the Senate, Mr. Linton attacked Giddings and the Free-soilers, and Gen. Randall sent to the Clerk's desk Ethan Spike's oration, which was read as a *set off*, and created a great deal of laughter.

The correspondent of The True Democrat thinks a law repealing all licences to sell armaments will be adopted.

Fugitive Slave Case in Boston.

We find in the Pittsburgh Gazette of Monday a telegraphic dispatch from Boston, dated Feb. 15th, stating that a fugitive slave named Frederick Wilkins was that morning arrested and taken before U. S. Commissioner Curtis. The examination was postponed till Tuesday last.

Three hundred negroes stormed the court house, and despite of the officers, carried off the fugitive in triumph. The negroes were armed, but no one was hurt. The mob used the Marshal's own sword, which was hanging in the court room, to keep off the officers. Great excitement prevailed throughout the city.

We shall hear more of this case hereafter.

P. S. LATER.—A dispatch dated at Boston Feb. 14 says:

P. Riley, the Chief Deputy Marshal here, at the head of affairs in the absence of Devens, published a statement to-day, stating that he had applied to Commodore Downs for leave to place the fugitive, Frederick Wilkins, at the Navy Yard, for safe keeping, but the Commodore refused to take any part in the matter. He also applied to the Mayor, and City Marshal for aid to keep the prisoner, but without success.

The fugitive's whereabouts is not yet known. It is supposed that he is on his way to Canada, via Burlington. No arrests have been made.

The following original Poem was read before the Literary Society of the Salem Institute recently by a member. Some persons having started the report that it was a plagiarism, the Society, after investigating the matter, passed a resolution declaring their belief that the person who had read it before them was indeed the author. The Society also voted to request its insertion in The Bugle, in order that those who had made the charge of plagiarism might have an opportunity of proving it true, if in their power, by producing the original. The piece is well worthy of publication on its merits alone, and we comply with the request of the Society with great pleasure. We have exercised an Editor's prerogative in making two or three slight alterations, which we hope the author will recognize as improvements.—*Ed. Bugle.*

The Grand Old Oak.

ALONE for years an old Oak stood, Where once the deep'ning forest shade Spread 'round, and all that was a wood Has now become a gentle glade.

The red man sported in the chase, And wolves and deer roamed free and wild, Where now we see the white man's face, And flocks and herds are grazing mild.

With spreading limbs stood this old Oak, Where it had stood for ages past;

And, as the storm-god howled, it spoke, While bending 'neath the furious blast:

Here I have stood alone, yet firm, Unyielding as the Christian's faith, A monument, an ancient germ, Which time as yet has failed to seethe.

I've felt the chilling wintry winds Unnumbered times, and wore a garb Of white upon my leafless limbs, And keenly felt the frosty barb.

When came the Spring, with song and flowers, And warmed me with her genial breath, She woke again my dormant powers, And raised me, as it were, from death.

I've seen the Summer gaily ride Upon the hills, and through the vales, Clothed in her splendor as a bride— She's lulled me with her gentle gales.

Then Autumn, with her golden wand, Would touch my robes of flowing green, And change their hue as with a hand Almost unknown and quite unseen.

Beneath me shade the Indian's steed Once rested from the toilsome march;

Where now the white man's cattle feed, And gather when the sun's rays parch.

Here, too, the dusky forest maid Has listened while the warrior bold Rehearsed his deeds beneath my shade, Sad at the winning tale he told.

The woodman came, with axe in hand, And bade my kindred kiss the ground; One, then another, left its stand, Till all were gone for miles around.

Yet here I am as prisoner bound; And reeling 'neath the storm's wild blast, I fear not that the shock profound Shall loose the bands that bind me fast.

The maddened winds wax wilder still, And toss my limbs with fury 'round, Yet I can brave their stubborn will,

And listen to your hideous cry.

Soon Spring shall come, with plumage grand,

To wake the songsters' tuneful lay;

And I for ages yet may stand,

While forests wide shall pass away.

LETTER FROM J. W. WALKER.—We have an interesting letter from J. W. Walker, at Litchfield, Mich., which came just too late for this week's paper.

THE POSTAGE BILL was before the Senate on the 17th, but no vote was taken upon it.

MR. JULIAN of Indiana recently made a very able speech in the U. S. House of Representatives in defence of Land Reform. Our thanks are due to the author for a pamphlet copy.

MR. GREELEY avows his intention to go to the World's Fair, to be held in London in June next. He will be as unique a specimen of the *genus homo* as could possibly be sent from this country. There is not, in our judgment, another man in the United States who wields so extensive an influence as he does, and we are happy to say that that influence is in most respects healthful and beneficial.

The Columbus correspondent of the True Democrat says that a large majority of the present Legislature are thoroughly opposed to the use of grog. The bill to incorporate the Kenyon Hotel Co. at Gambier, Knox Co., was passed with a proviso forbidding the sale of intoxicating drinks in the Hotel. The proviso was adopted in the House 36 to 21.

The following named persons are requested and authorized to act as agents for the Bugle in their respective localities.

Chas. Douglass, Berea, Cuyahoga county, Ohio

Timothy Woodworth, Litchfield, Medina Co., O

Wm. Payne, Richfield, Summit Co., O.

T. E. Bonner, Adrian, Michigan.

The claimant alleged that the woman ran away in the Fall of 1828, and he brought two witnesses to identify her, who swore positively that they had known her as a slave in Maryland. Robert Bowen, one of these witnesses, remembered the time of her escape, from the fact that during the previous year he had "professed religion." A derisive laugh passed round the assembly, accompanied with a slight shudder on the part of some, at the profanity of the incongruity. A similar feeling was produced when Mr. Brown asked the witness how he recollects the date of his conversion, and he replied that it was recorded in his bible, and he could not help noticing it, every time he turned over the pages of that precious book.

The evidence for the kidnapper was rebutted by the testimony of four respectable witnesses, who testified that they knew Mahala in Chester County, Pa. at least two years previous to the time when she was alleged to have run away. The testimony on this point was so conclusive that Judge Kane promptly discharged the woman. The scenes which followed are thus described by the Freeman:—

The intelligence of the discharge of the woman was quickly spread to those without, who raised shouts of joy. The woman with her children, were hurried into a carriage, which was driven first to the Anti-Slavery Office, where she received three cheers from the crowd which soon gathered, and then to the Philadelphia Institute, in Lombard street, above Seventh. Here she was introduced to a large audience of colored people, who hailed her appearance with lively joy; several excited speeches were made, and great enthusiasm was manifested in and outside of the building and the adjacent streets. When Euphemia came out of the carriage and a long rope was attached, which was taken by as many colored people as could get hold of it, and the woman and her children thus conveyed to her home. The procession was accompanied by several hundred of men, women and boys. They dragged the carriage past the residence of the counsel for the respondent, cheering them by huzzas of the wildest kind, and then took the vehicle and its contents to the residence of the woman, Germantown Road, near Fifth street, beginning the way with songs and shouts. The whole scene was one of wild, ungovernable excitement, produced by exuberance of joy.

Jan. 4, 1851.

The Young Abolitionist!

OR Conversations on Slavery—By J. Elizabeth Jones. We have purchased the edition of this book and can supply such as may wish to purchase at wholesale. Those in paper can be sent by mail, price 20cts., Muslin 25cts., per copy.

Also at D. Anderson's Baptist Book-Store, 34 West 4th St., Cincinnati.

August 10, 1850.

JAMES BARNABY Merchant Tailor, and Dealer in Cloths!

Just receiving, at his store, North side Main street, Salem, Ohio, a new and elegant assortment of Cloths, Casimeres, Vestings, &c., which he is prepared to make up to order, or sell by the yard or pattern, as required. Those wishing to furnish themselves with Dress, Frock, or Sack Coats, Over-Coats, Pantaloons, or Waistcoats, will please call, look at his Goods, and if convinced it will be to their interest to do so, leave their measures; and in from one to six days, the cloths shall be ready, and the fit, quality, durability and Cheapness, warranted equal to the *very best* to be had here or elsewhere, and superior to any that are not the best.

The TAILORING BUSINESS Carried on as heretofore.

Oct. 26th, 1850.

WM. J. BRIGHT,

Attorney at Law, Hartford, Trumbull Co., Q. Prompt attention will be given to collecting at Trumbull and adjoining counties.

Nov. 23, '50.

Dental Surgery.

J. W. WALKER, would announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all work in the above profession, that may be intrusted to him.

New Lyne, Aug. 17th, 1850.

HEAD QUARTERS.

SALEM SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON.

ABRAHAM DAY, can at all times be found at his Saloon, over Thomas' Groceries Store, where he is prepared for "smooth and easy shaving" shampooing, and hair dressing in the latest and most fashionable styles. (dec. 21.

NEW LEATHER STORE, MAIN ST., NEAR THE BANK, SALEM, O.

The Subscriber offers for sale, Upper Leather, Calfskins, Sole and Harness Leather, Morocco and Binding Skins; Also, all kinds of Shoe Leather cut to pattern. E. ELDRIDGE.

Aug. 1, 8 mo., 1850.

SEWING SILK.

MERCHANTS, Pedlars and others can obtain a good supply of a very superior quality of Sewing Silk, of all degrees and colors, either in packages or 100 Skein Bundles, by calling at

Miscellaneous.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

The Man who Couldn't say "No."

Paul Trotter was a man who was every body's friend but his own. His course in life seemed to be directed by the maxim of doing for every body what every body asked him to do, even to the extent of impossibilities, but in which of course he failed. Whether it was that his heart beat responsive to every other heart, or that he did not like to give offence, or that he 'could be bothered' to resist importunity, we could never precisely ascertain; but certain it is, that he was rarely or never asked to sign a requisition, to promise a vote, to lend money, or to endorse a bill, that he did not, at once, comply. He couldn't say 'no,' and there were many, who knew him well, who said he had not the courage to do so.

I knew him when a mere boy. He was then the scapegoat of the school. Every mad-cap trick which came to the master's ears, was fastened on Paul. One day a gross caricature of the master drawn with chalk on the blackboard, met his eyes on entering the schoolroom when least expected. 'Whose trash is this? Is it yours, sirrah?' bellowed the algebraic Triton, turning to a quaking youth with chalky fingers, suspiciously standing near the black-board. 'No!' was the bold answer, and he turned in the direction of little Paul. 'Then it was you, scoundrel!' Paul could not say 'no,' of course he was thrashed as usual—for there was little mercy shown in that school in most other schools in our younger days.

Another time, when some of the boys, among them Paul, were out at their usual forenoon interval, the master's big dog came bounding into the school-room with a great tin pan tied to his tail, and flew along the passage between the forms, where the master of his trembling infant; the dog caught him under the legs, and canting him over in an instant, his heavy body falling between the dog and the pan. You may conceive the howling of the dog, the consternation of the pupils, and the tremendous indignation of the fallen pedagogue. Of course the mischief was fastened on poor Paul, and as he couldn't say 'no,' or, at least, said it as if it were unnatural to him, or untrue, he suffered as usual.

Any idle truant who wanted a companion, and asked Paul to accompany him, was sure of his acquiescence. He was sent on all imaginable errands; to a bookseller, to ask if he had a copy of 'The History of Adam's Grandfather'; to a grocer, for a penny worth of 'dove's milk'; or to a saddler, for some 'strap oil,' which generally brought him a warning. He would be presented with an egg, which on being deposited for safety in his breeches-pocket, his temper would 'squash' forthwith by a blow, and then Paul had to dig out the remains from pen-knives, whip-cords, and marbles. Once a doctor's boy tempted him to rub his cheeks with cantharides plaster, to 'make the hair grow'; but after a night's smarting, which Paul suffered patiently in hope of the result, what was his surprise, on contemplating himself in the glass next morning, to find a crop, not of whiskers, but of blisters!

But he grew out of jackets and buttons, and left school to enter the world, where the consequences arising from saying 'yes' and 'no' are more serious than at school. Paul's infirmity accompanied him. He was importuned—as who is not?—to do this, that, and the other thing, for the advantage or pleasure of others. He had not the heart to refuse. A party of pleasure was proposed—Paul could never say 'no' to this. 'Shall we have a glass of something hot this cold evening?' Paul was unanimous with the proposer; and, on these occasions, Paul's habit of acquiescence not unfrequently led to his being selected as paymaster. Often he promised what he could not perform,—for instance, to be at two places at the same time; for he could not say 'no' to either solicitation; and he began to have a bad name; his friends said they could not rely upon him—he was not a man of his promise. He promised too much; he promised to lend money before he earned it; he promised to go to the theater with one party, and to join an evening party elsewhere on the same night. He refused nothing—couldn't say 'no' to any solicitation.

His father left him a snug little fortune, and he was at once beset by persons wanting a share of it. Now was the time to say 'no,' if he could; he did not like to be bored; could not bear to refuse; could not stand importunity; and almost invariably yielded to the demands made upon his purse. At one time it was a baby-linen providing society; at another time an association for a monument to some deceased railway man, or some great stump-orator (no matter what his politics) and again a joint stock company, for the supply of sweet milk for the metropolis; or it was a new theatre, or a temperance hall, or a chapel, or a charity hall for the Poor; had it been a gin palace, be sure you would have seen Paul Trotter's name in the list of subscribers.

While his money lasted, he had no end to friends. He was universal referee—every body's bondsman. 'Just sign me this little bit of paper,' was a request often made to him by particular friends. 'What is it,' he would mildly ask—not for the purpose of raising any objection—far from it; but simply for information—for satisfaction; for sometimes prided himself on his caution! 'One must not sign every bit of paper presented to him,' he would observe on these occasions.

And yet he never refused—not he. 'Oh, it is all right; one cannot refuse such little favors to a friend,' and he signed. Three months after, a bill for a rather heavy amount would fall due, and who should be called on to make it good but everybody's friend—foolish Paul Trotter! Many a time he thus burnt his fingers, but never learned wisdom from his losses.

At last a master, for whom he was bondsman—a person with whom he had only a nodding acquaintance—suddenly came to a stand in his business, ruined by heavy speculations in funds and shares, and Paul was called upon to make good the heavy dues to the crown. It was a heavy stroke for Paul, and made him a poor man. But he never grew wise. He was a post, against which every needy fellow came and rubbed himself; a tap, from which every thirsty soul could drink; a ditch, at which every hungry dog had a pull; an ass, on which every mischievous urchin must have his ride; a mill, that ground everybody's corn but his own; in

short, a good-hearted fellow, who couldn't for the life of him say 'no.'

In his better days Paul was a borough voter. An election happened, and one day a smirking agent, accompanied by a candidate for Paul's suffrage, marched into his office, for the representation of this ancient borough in Parliament. A low bow from Paul, and ditto from the Baronet. 'He is a friend to all good measures, of all large and beneficial plans of reform, and an enemy to all abuses and corruptions in Church and State. Knowing your opinion, I have no doubt we shall have the honor of your support at the approaching election.' Paul rubbed his hands—'I shall have the greatest pleasure—' I am quite in favor of the principles you have just stated, and shall be glad to have the honor of recording my vote in favor of Sir Ralph.' A hearty shake of the hands, and some connoisseances from Sir Ralph, an entry made in the little agent's canvassing-book, and the worthy pair marched out, with loud buzzing from the attendant partisans.

But Paul's trial was to come. Scarcely had the first candidate left, but the second made his appearance. He was the chief banker of the town, and Paul did business at his house. Paul's unresisting compliance with his friends' requests had rendered his circumstances less easy now than they had been, and who does not know how good a thing it is to 'stand well with one's banker,' and have a friend in him? This candidate was difficult to refuse, and Paul in his heart, wished that he had come first. He professed himself to be a friend to 'our glorious Constitution in Church and State, in favor of all measures calculated to promote the good of the country, and opposed to the destructive principles now afloat, and which threatened ruin to our most cherished institutions.' Paul, after cordially agreeing in the soundness of these views, was solicited for his vote, and—he could not refuse! Who would to their banker? Besides, Paul quite approved of the views summarily expressed by him. Thus he was pledged to vote for both candidates, simply because he could say 'no' to neither.

The election was a terrible trial to Paul. He was beset by the friends of both candidates, and so entreated and canvassed, so argued and expostulated with, that he found himself under the necessity of making a short tour until the election was over, and when he returned, found that he had been burnt in effigy by both sides.

Paul came to a sorry end. He breathed his last in the workhouse. The many friends to whom he could never say 'no,' did not look near him. Those who had beggared him had scarcely their compassion to give. 'Ah!' it just happened as we thought it would; he was never done throwing away his money; why couldn't he have refused to sign that master's ugly bond?—This was all their sympathy.

It is of great importance to a man's peace and well-being, that he should say 'no' at the right time. Many are ruined because they cannot, or do not say 'no.' Vice often gains a footing within us, because we will not summon up the courage to say 'no.' We offer ourselves too often as willing sacrifices to the fashion of the world, because we have not the honesty to pronounce the little word. The duellist dares not say 'no,' for he would be 'cut.' The beauty hesitates to say it, when a rich blackbeard offers her his hand, because she has set her ambition upon an 'establishment.' The courtier will not say 'no' for it, he must smile and promise to all.

When pleasure tempts with its seductions, we have the courage to say 'no' at once. The little monitor within will approve the decision; and you will feel virtue grown stronger by the act. When dissipation invites you, and offers its secret pleasures, boldly say 'no'; if you do not, if you acquiesce and succumb, you will find virtue has gone out from you, and your self-reliance will have received a fatal shock. The first time may require an effort; but you will find your strength grow with use. It is the only way of meeting temptation to idleness, to self-indulgence, to folly, to bad custom, to meet it at once with an indignant 'no.' There is, indeed, great virtue in a 'NO,' when pronounced at the right time.

From "Poems of Hope and Action."

The Press.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

A million tongues are thine, and they are heard Speaking of hope to the nations, in the prime Of Freedom's day, to hasten on the time When the wide world of spirit shall be stirred With higher signs than now—when man shall stand Each man his brother—each shall tell to each His tale of love and pain, and holy speech Be music for the soul's high festival.

Thy gentle notes are heard, like funeral waves,

Reaching the mountain, plain and quiet vale.

Thy thunder tones are like the sweeping gale Bidding the tribes of men no more be slaves, And earth's remotest island hears the sound That floats on either wing the world around.

An "Indignant Southerner," in speaking of Maine, says that one half of the farms are barren, that you might mow them with a scythe, and take them with a fine tooth comb and yet not get enough to fatten a grasshopper for a month.

Roosters have sometimes been called Preachers, owing to the fact that they proclaim, give you, the approach of day. What, then, shall we style the hens? Why, *lay members*, to be sure.

Some people imagine that when they are old they are dignified. Their mistake, however, is nearly as great as was the jackass', who thought he would make a splendid connoisseur of music, because he had such an ear for it. People cherish a frosty disposition, not because they are better than other folks, but because they fear the sunshine of conversation would thaw their shallowness, and make their ignorance ooze out.

The Puritans' were called such in sheer contempt. What jeers and flouts lay in the sarcasm, as it flashed from the lips of witty Cavaliers! But who bore it made it noble. It has rung over Europe, like a trumpet-blast of Freedom. It has been a watch-word of honor for centuries. Men are proud of it now, who would have flung it with contempt at the Roundheads in their day. 'The Abolitionists' will not wait ages for their recompence of honor, if they be true to Humanity and to Truth.—*N. Y. Independent*.

The Philosopher's Stone.

BY ELIZA COOK.

O, what can that be, that with earnest endeavor We seek for in vain, yet keep seeking for ever? O, where is the charm that has baffled for ages The wise and the witless, the saints and the sages?

We go on pursuing, we go on believing, Still ardently wooing some thing that's deceiving;

We gaze on some bubble that Fancy has blown, And behold in its shape the "Philosopher's Stone."

The child looketh out on the sunshine and moth, And he sees what the alchymist toils for in both;

Let him play in the beam, let him capture the dry,

And the world wears a mantle that dazzles his eye.

But the heat and the light makes him weary and soon,

And he finds we may tire of the summer day's noon;

The insect is crushed, and he sitteth alone, Sighing over his childhood's "Philosopher's Stone."

The man in his prime is still doting and dreaming,

Hope's roseate flames more intensely are gleaming,

And he thinks the Alembic yields all he desires,

When Afection's elixir is formed by its fires;

He has seized on the charm, but he liveth to prove,

That some dross is not even transmuted by Love;

And full many a blossom will mournfully own,

It was cheated the most by this meteor Stone.

Old Age in ripe Wisdom conceiveth, at length,

That the gold in itself holds the spell and the strength;

And he scrapes and he gathers, in coffers and funds,

And imagines he then has the charm in his hands,

But he findeth, alas! that he cannot miss all

Of Mortality's cypress and Misery's gall;

Though monstrous and mighty his heaps may have grown,

Even wealth is a failing "Philosopher's Stone."

We pant after that, and we toil after this,

And some wisp-like delusion still beacons to bliss;

We hang over Life's crucibles, fevered with care,

We get sweet distillations and magical tums,

The rich fragrance beguiles, and the vapor illumes;

But we find, when the perfume and mist-cloud have flown,

That we have not secured the "Philosopher's Stone."

O! what folly it seems to be striving to gain

Heaven's alchymy-secret with efforts so vain!

Why struggle for blosoms of celestial birth,

While neglecting the gay flowers beside us on earth?

Let us keep a "good conscience,"—this talisman seems

To come nighest the charm of our chemical dreams;

'Tis the ray most direct from the Infinite Throne,

And the only enduring "Philosopher's Stone."

YOUR NEIGHBOR'S HENS.—Mr. A. kept his hens shut up. He was not going to have his garden destroyed by his own or his neighbor's hens. One morning he saw a couple digging in his early pea bed, and out he went with murder in his heart, but the hens flew over into neighbor B's garden; whereupon A. called over to him very angrily that he would shoot the next hen he saw on his side of the fence if he did not shut them up, which B. declared he would not do, and if A. was fool enough to shoot them he might do it, for all he cared. A. was as good as his word, and day after day B. was saluted with the smell of gunpowder, and a message thrown over the fence with every fit pull. 'There's another chicken for your dinner,' until at length, not finding the usual supply, B. called over one morning to neighbor A. to know the reason. This awakened inquiry, when it was discovered that A. had been shooting his own hens, as they occasionally escaped through a hole in the coop, and, in his anger at his neighbor for the supposed trespass, had furnished him with sundry good dinners. No doubt he was a little angry at first, and thought any cunning trick after that better than shooting his neighbor's hens.

Then life shall be a Sabbath day,

And dark forebodings flee away,

And bliss shall know no sorrow;

The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing;

And hope descend on rainbow wing,

And crown each bright to-morrow.

The blind their sightless eyes unseal,

The withered limbs the waters heal,

Reform relights her torches,

And leads the waiting multitude

Along the straight and narrow road

That leads up to the porches.

The old man is again a boy,

The half and the lame leap up for joy—

Rejoice, ye sons and daughters!

Ye lepers now forget your pain—

The white-winged angel comes again

To move the healing waters.

The love of right and justice is an element

to be recognized and cultivated. By this,

wisdom and power are equalized. The civil

liberty of a country is to be measured not by

the condition of the richest, but by that of

the poorest of its citizens. The spectacle of

ours is sublime—men taking care of those

who are too weak to help themselves. (Great

applause.) Christianity must be bankrupted, or liberty must become universal. Neither you nor I believe that the banner will

be torn from the hand of God!—H. W. BECHER.

ANOTHER BLOCK FOR THE NATIONAL MONUMENT.—There is understood to be a movement on foot between the different border Tribes of Western Indians, notwithstanding their supposed utterly destitute condition, to unite and contribute a memorial to the Government in the shape of a block of stone for the Washington Monument.

The Chicago Journal says the design has been so far consummated already as to render it nearly certain that the material is to be procured from the celebrated "Starved Rock" in Illinois; the Indians having no land they call their own to obtain it from, and the inscription it is to bear when finished, has been decided upon. It is simple but expressive, as conveyed in the following characteristic terms:

THIS STEP

THE RED MAN GIVES TO THE PALE FACE to build him a path to a better